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ALTIERI, PFEIFFER, AND POZNANSKI CONCERTS.—These excellent artists will commence a brief concert tour, on Monday next, April 8, when they will appear at Trenton, N. J. On Tuesday they will give a concert at Patterson; on Wednesday at Hoboken; on Thursday at Jersey City, and on Friday at Newark, N. J. We commend them to our readers in those places; they will find their concerts delightful entertainments.

GRAND SUNDAY CONCERTS.—Mr. L. F. Harrison will give his thirty-second Sunday Concert to-morrow evening at Steinway Hall, on which occasion, in addition to Mr. Thomas's orchestra, Mlle. Canissa and the star organist, George W. Morgan will appear. These will prove attraction sufficient to draw the usual overflowing Sunday audience to Steinway Hall.

MME. CLARA M. BRINKERHOFF who made so great a sensation at Mr. Carl Wolfsohn's concert recently in Philadelphia, has been engaged, and will appear in that city, at the concert of Mr. Carl Reese, at the Musical Fund Hall, on Friday evening next, April 12th.

THE PIPE.—Since the rise of the pipe into fashionable life, art has been almost exhausted in giving grace and perfection of form to this sweet instrument of solace for lonely hours.

The most beautiful of these specimens has been exhibited by Messrs. Kaldenberg & Son, at their store, No. 6 John street (up stairs), from which it has been sent to the Paris Exposition, that Europe may see the advance of American art in a new line. The pipe is eleven inches in length, and the amber mouthpiece—a beautiful specimen—eight inches, by two in thickness. The carving on the trunk of the pipe represents the meeting of Macbeth and Banquo with the Witches, on their return from the battlefield. The figures are four inches in height, and the grouping, both horses and men, are admirably executed. Surmounting the bowl is Shakspeare, seated, and surveying the scene—the offspring of his own genius.

The head of the great dramatist is fine, and the likeness good, according to recognized standard portraits. With this are thirty others, all of the highest standard of art.

Leonore!—the great worker in meerschaum—will have specimens in the Great Exposition, but those who are familiar with that celebrated artist's work, say that it is more than doubtful whether any of them will surpass the elegant specimens that are going from the house of Messrs. Kaldenberg.

They have also sent as a present to the Emperor Napoleon, a rare specimen of the meerschaum about ten inches in length, the bowl plain, except the Imperial arms carved on the front. On the lid is an amber globe, surmounted by a Greek Cross, making altogether a chaste and beautiful gift, worthy the one to whom it is sent.

LOVE UNTO DEATH.

BY HENRY C. WATSON.

Ebb on, flow on, ye faithless sea,
Change fickle winds, your course at will,
Firm as a rock my faith shall stand.
And death will find me loving still.
Change cannot reach my mighty love,
Time cannot quench its holy fire,
Coldness and scorn might rack my heart,
But only with life shall love expire.

So, nestling near my heart, she wept
Sweet tears of joy, to hear me vow—
O could that worshipped form be prest
Close to my aching bosom now!
O could I toy with her raven hair!
O could I gaze in her deep blue eye!
O could I woo her from heaven, to come
Once more on my throbbing heart to lie!

But wishes are vain, and hope there is none.—
Our love was brief as its moments were blest,
A few short months, and as one in a dream,
I followed my love to her place of rest.
She passed as an infant sinks into sleep;
Her beauty sublimed as her hour drew nigh;
And O! the love that shone out of her eyes,
Was the love that burns for eternity.

Years have passed—I am lonely still—
Sorely tempted, I linger on,—
But the love I gave to my love who is dead,
No living woman has ever known.
The faithless sea still ebbs and flows,
The fickle wind still changes at will,
But firm as a rock my love shall stand
And death shall find me loving still.

MATTERS THEATRIC.

I have been to see "Oscar, the Half Blood." Oscar wears a remarkably black curly wig, and is possessed of a remarkably guttural voice. Oscar also wears very badly cut clothes. Oscar is a curious and instructive combination of the Stranger, Monte Cristo, Zamiel, Robert the Devil, Don Giovanni and numerous other heroes of the moral drama.

"Oscar the Half Blood," the play, is an adaptation, or rather literal translation, of the sensational French melodrama "La Sang-Melee," by Mr. Schonberg. In the original the title part was played with great effect by Fechter, in the translation it is very funnily played by Mr. F. M. Bates, who with his wife, a remarkably prepossessing young lady, is the star at Wood's Theatre. The play has been pretty effectually served up in the daily papers, so there is but little use of recurring to the painful topic in these columns.

As stated last week, "Jeanie Deans" has been revived at the New York Theatre, and has proved quite a success, Miss Eytinge and Mrs. Gomersal displaying their respective talents to good effect in the rôles of the two sisters, while Mr. Lewis Baker as David Deans, achieved a genuine triumph, of which he has good reason to be proud.

Little Maggie Mitchell is chirping away again at the Broadway Theatre, and chirping to good

effect, as the crowded condition of the auditorium will testify.

One of the most genuine successes of the season, that is genuine so far as real merit goes, is the new play by Dion Bourcicault, "Hunted Down," which was produced at Wallack's Theatre on Tuesday evening of this week. From beginning to end the interest is well sustained, while the language is at all times easy, crisp and natural.

At the opening of the play Mary Leigh (Miss Henriques) is discovered, the happy wife of John Leigh, R. A. (Mr. Robinson), everything around her denoting ease and comfort; but this pleasant state of affairs is soon to be broken in upon. Mrs. Bolton Jones (Mrs. Sefton) has received a visit from Rawdon Scudamore (Mr. Fisher), who has shown her letters which greatly compromise the fair name of Mary, who it appears was married to him in early life, her small fortune serving to pay a gambling debt contracted by her deceased father. Scudamore being convicted of a forgery, was obliged to flee the country, but, going to France, became involved in still further difficulties and being discovered was returned to England in charge of the officers of justice. On the voyage he managed to elude their vigilance, however, and jumping overboard was supposed to have been drowned. Mary, learning this, marries John Leigh; what is her horror then when Scudamore, who has assumed the fictitious title of Count, is presented to her and proves to be her first and lawful husband. She determines to leave her home, but is deterred by the threats of Scudamore, and eventually pays him a large sum of money to remain silent.

Scudamore, started afresh in the world by Mary's gift, resumes his old courses and meets with great success at the gaming table, taking his first wife, Clara (Mrs. Jennings) to his bosom he leads quite a comfortable life; but the old love for Mary remains, and he determines to visit her at Mount Audley, the country seat of her sister-in-law, Lady Glencarrig (Miss Morant) and declare his passion. His intended visit is discovered by his wife Clara, who, with Mrs. Bolton Jones, determines to follow him. They arrive together, which leads to an *eclaircissement*, John Leigh discovering the supposed infidelity of his Mary; who determines to fly, and is about to do so when her husband rushing into the room tells her he knows all, knows all the sorrow and misery she has gone through, and defies Scudamore to do his worst. The villain fumes a little, but when his first wife, Clara, appears and tells her story, how she was married to him long before Mary, and how he has ill-treated her, and yet, for all this, how she still loves him, he sees clearly that he can no longer control Mary, and deeming discretion the better part of valor, leaves the house, vowing vengeance on Clara, which of course ends the play and brings down the curtain.

Miss Henriques as Mary Leigh is simply charming, giving the language with great tenderness and pathos, and making the *habitudes* of this establishment regret still more that she is so soon to leave the stage. Miss Henriques' improvement within the last year or two has been really remarkable, rising from an actress of but mere

mediocre talent to one of undoubted power and genius, she has won for herself a most enviable reputation, and will always be remembered with kindly feelings by New York theatre goers.

Mrs. Jennings, as Clara, gives us a truthful picture of the heart-broken, ill-used wife, while Miss Fanny Morant and Mrs. Sefton are both admirable in the respective rôles of Lady Glencarrig and Mrs. Bolton Jones.

Mr. Robinson's John Leigh is a perfect gem, never exaggerated, never overdrawn, but always quiet, natural, easy and at times, genuinely pathetic. His childish delight, at the sale of his picture, his affection for Mary, the scene in the garden with his children, and then that last great trouble, when he is racked by the awful suspicion of his wife's infidelity, are one and all proofs of the consummate skill of the actor, and on Tuesday evening met with the well-merited recognition of the large audience present.

Mr. Fisher's Scudamore in the earlier parts was entirely excellent, but in the later portions, where he is called upon to display a more gallant bearing, was not so good, presenting the spectacle of an unfinished picture, one in which the lights had been strongly painted with a bold hand, but in which the shadows were entirely neglected.

"Hunted Down" must, from its very merits, prove a decided success. It is a story that appeals directly to the tenderer emotions of the heart, and, as played by Mr. Wallack's excellent company, leaves not a dry eye in the audience. It cannot be called sensational, but for all that it is always interesting. Never maudlin, it is still pathetic.

Savage.

NEW BOOKS.

John Savage's poems have been collected and reproduced in one volume by Kirker, New York. The title of the book is "Poems, Lyrical, Dramatic and Romantic," by John Savage. It is a handsome volume, finely printed on superb paper, and is elegantly bound. The first edition was sold within a few days after its publication. The encomiums from the Press are warm and unanimous, all recognizing in the author the true poetic inspiration. The *Round Table's* criticism is thoroughly appreciative and very genial. It says:

"Many of the poems in this volume are well known to us, as they appeared from time to time anonymously in various periodicals. The repurusal of some of them has made the heart warm to him as an old familiar friend. We have read Mr. Savage's poems with much pleasure and close attention, and hesitate not to say that it would be difficult to find one in whom so many qualities of the true poet are happily combined and blended. Imagination, eloquence, descriptive power, quick and keen observation, patriotic fervor and love for what is truly good and great, these are but some of the characteristics to which the promptings of a warm Irish heart give a force and fervor seldom to be found in the tame, trite effusions too often palmed on these degenerated days as 'poetry.' Did our limits admit, we should have no difficulty beyond that arising from an *embarras des richesses* in making many selections of high merit and beauty to grace our columns. We can, however, commend the volume cordially to all lovers of true poetry, and urge them, first

and foremost, to read 'The Patriot Mother,' 'The Muster of the North,' 'Requiem for the Dead of the Irish Brigade,' 'St. Anne's Well,' and 'Washington.'

In a review of Savage's poems the *National Republican*, of Washington, says, amid other good thoughts:

"Our Savage is most gentle—a child of imagination, chasing butterflies, birds, breezes, moonbeams, rainbows and fairies. He catches them, too, and lo! in his hands what beauty, what significance, undreamed of before, do they reveal! A lover—how his flute-like voice steals into the heart and haunts forever its sacred halls! The young must love him, for the true poet of love is ever young. The old must love him, for in his wisdom and his kindness he is their adviser, their friend and comforter."

And closes with the following, which we hope the poet will take to heart:

"We predict, from his delicate fancy, his picturesque and powerful language, his loving heart and true-judging brain, that the poet of whom we have written will enjoy a growing and permanent popularity. He is now in his prime, and the country will expect and welcome more of the fruits of his facile pen."

In the New York *Tribune* we find the following strong and discriminating endorsement from the pen of the accomplished literary editor, Mr. George Ripley:

"The Poems of John Savage have been collected in a handsome volume, and published by James B. Kirker, furnishing the numerous admirers of his productions with an excellent edition of his complete poetical writings. Mr. Savage has won an eminent place among the younger poets of this country, chiefly by the ample expression which he lends to feelings of more than common fervor, by the pliancy and alertness of his fancy, the warm glow of his patriotism, and the union of tenderness and fiery passion in the utterance of the softer sentiments. He has a quick ear for the music of verse, and many of his pieces are remarkable for their melody of tone. The military poems in the volume, especially 'The Starry Flag' and 'The Muster of the North,' are instinct with heroic life, and nobly ring out the inspiring strains which led our troops to victory in the battle-years that have gone by."

THE MODEL SOPRANO.

We copy the following lively sketch from the New York *Gazette*. It hits off a certain class of lady singers very felicitously.—[Ed.]

THE MODEL SOPRANO.—Ladies who sing in church choirs have considerable to try them; but as a general thing they make it even by doing considerable to try others. It is often very inconvenient for them to keep their engagements, by trudging through the ice and snow. They think so too, and consequently compromise the matter by staying at home. That is a frequent view of compromise—having everything one's own way. It is very convenient.

The model soprano does exist, however, and it is a pleasure to draw her picture. She is pretty and amiable. She dresses in charming taste and has the most rotund waterfall and the most cunning little saucer of a bonnet of any one in the church. She has eyes either of black, blue or hazel, and she knows how to use them. She is fond of music and has preferences, but never urges them with obstinacy, though the careful observer will notice that she generally has them gratified. Why? Because she has such fascinating, coaxing, charming ways, and because the choir director is but human and often has a great soft spot in place of a heart. Moreover, the model soprano wins the organist's heart by pretend-

ing to dote on the music he composes for her. When he gets cross she looks up in his eyes, and he thinks he is a monster not to do precisely as the sweet songstress desires. When not engaged in these little duties she flirts a little with the tenor. The alto never "thinks much" of the soprano.

Once in a while the model soprano makes a mistake, but she acknowledges it so readily that she is excused at once. By and by a young man who has hitherto only escorted her to the door, comes a few times into the choir with her. She don't care much for him—of course not. She never means to be married, oh! no. She likes an independent life; at which announcement the tenor groans in despair.

By and by the young man becomes more regular in his attendance. Being a stranger in the choir, good manners makes her sit by him so he will not feel bashful. Often she has a neat little muff on her lap. It is a very handy muff.

At this dangerous stage of proceedings the organist, if he be prudent, begins to look for another soprano. So when the model lady resigns her situation and becomes Mrs. Young Man, he is prepared for the event.

The tenor wonders what the lady can see to like in that Young Man. For his part he never saw such an insipid person. He is convinced that the model soprano will die of a broken heart from lack of sympathy and appreciation. When a year later she pays a visit to the choir, it is surprising how she bears up under her broken heart. She really looks happier than ever.

But these model sopranos are very few. Of other kinds, however, there is a powerful variety.

There is the giggling soprano. She is very young, and spends most of her time in laughing. To make a blunder in her singing, fills her with the most irrepressible mirth. Sometimes in a pause of the service the congregation is edified with an audible titter which is easily traced to the giggling soprano.

Opposed to this is the grim soprano, a lady who dresses in depressing mud-colored brown. She holds herself aloof from the rest of the singers and casts a gloom over the whole choir. She usually sings well, but will neither resign, die, nor get married. Every one says she is "very much of a lady," but nobody at all enjoys her company.

The experienced soprano is one who is a terror and a scourge. She has sung in all the leading churches of the city since the year 1829. She was once, she says, leading soprano at Trinity, and left because the music did not suit her. She has received propositions from various clergymen to sing in their churches, but she will not accept unless she has her own way, she says. She is correct and prompt in her performance, and views the other singers with mingled disdain and compassion. She will tell the tenor how Mr. Bellows used to sing a certain passage in 1834, and will regret that he is not with them now. She declares that choir singing has vastly deteriorated of late. She turns up her nose at everything except Handel and Mozart, and deprecates the bad taste of the organist. Her voice is sharp and wiry, but she evidently thinks herself to be in the plenitude of her vocal powers, and in every way superior to her vocal companions. In musical technical ability she really is. Also in pretension and meddling.

A very numerous class, alack! is that for which we can devise no more expressive and truthful title than that of the impudent soprano. This creature usually sings with energy, vigor, and often with good taste, and is popular with the congregation. In the choir, however, she is a besom of destruction. To be associated with her there is to be tied up in a coffee bag with a scorpion. She knows, in her own opinion, far more than anybody else in the choir. She wants to sing all the solos, and is bitter and uncharitable to every other singer who attempts one. As to other sopranos she is pitiless. She was never known to say a kind word of any professional sister.